

You Look So Cute In That!

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You Look So Cute In That!

by [Crystal_Heart_Sheriden](#)

Summary

Ilya dresses Shane in his jersey as Shane cooks dinner - just his jersey, nothing else.

Shane stares up at Ilya, his breath catching as he slowly battered his eye lids. His fingers traced Ilya's muscular chest blinded by tenderness.

He suddenly became hyper aware as Ilya holds the jersey like it's something fragile.

Black and red. His name on the back. 81 stitched clean and familiar, still faintly smelling like laundry soap instead of sweat for once. He shakes it out once, then looks up at Shane with a small, private smile.

"Stand still," Ilya says.

Shane snorts. "I'm standing."

"Better," Ilya replies, stepping closer.

Shane lets himself be guided without comment. He's tired — the good kind of tired the type you feel after a long day of training— and pliant in a way he only is with Ilya. He lifts his arms when Ilya tugs his hoodie up and over his head, blinking a little as cool air hits his skin.

Ilya pauses.

Just for a second.

He takes Shane in like he's memorising him again — the familiar lines, the way Shane's shoulders slope when he's relaxed, the way the fabric of his boxers curls on his hips.

"You okay?" Shane asks softly.

Ilya nods, clears his throat, and slips the jersey over Shane's head.

Fabric slides down warm skin. Ilya's hands linger longer than necessary, smoothing the shoulders, tugging the hem down so it sits right. He adjusts the sleeves carefully, thumbs brushing Shane's wrists like it matters.

"Turn," Ilya murmurs.

Shane does.

Ilya straightens the back, fingers pressing briefly over the stitched ROZANOV and 81, pride flickering sharp and bright in his chest.

"My number," he says quietly, "where it belongs. But."

Shane glances back over his shoulder. "Yeah?"

Ilya steps in close, resting his chin briefly against Shane's shoulder blade. His fingers grip the fabric of Shane's boxers and slides them down, "There perfect now it looks better on you."

Shane's mouth curves into a smile he doesn't try to hide. "You're biased." He giggled pulling the fabric of the jersey down to cover his exposed body.

"Very," Ilya agrees.

He moves around to face him again, tugging the collar just a little, lining it up the way he likes. Shane watches him with that open, steady attention that still knocks the wind out of Ilya sometimes.

"You know," Shane says, "most people just... hand someone a jersey. You're making me look like a hockey bunny." Shane chuckled suddenly feeling self conscious about how much skin he was showing.

Ilya shrugs, unapologetic. "Most people are boring and besides you're my hockey bunny."

Shane laughs softly, then reaches up and hooks a finger into the collar, pulling Ilya just close enough to rest their foreheads together.

"Thank you," Shane says — not just for the jersey.

Ilya kisses him, quick and warm, then presses his palm flat over Shane's chest where the number sits. His hands trail further down grasping the flesh of Shane's arse like it was silk. Shane let out a gasp at the sudden grasp as Ilya lifted him onto their kitchen island.

"Mine," he says, possessively but certain.

"Right down boy unless you want dinner to burn," Shane teased pushing Ilya away.

Ilya draws his phone careful to not disturb Shane as he's at the stove, wooden spoon in hand, brow furrowed in concentration like dinner is a hostile opponent he intends to out-think. Ilya's jumper hangs off him — sleeves too long, shoulders just a little too broad, the hem brushing his thighs revealing just a little bit more skin each time he moved. The collar dips loose at the neck, soft and lived-in revealing a few hickeys that dotted Shane's collar bone from a few days ago, unmistakably Ilya's doing.

It looks wrong on Shane in the way all the right things do.

Ilya lifts his phone without thinking and as Shane reached for the spices, the fabric lifting just enough...

Click.

Shane doesn't notice. Not at first. He's just carefully stirring in the oregano, lips moving as he counts under his breath. Ilya takes another photo — from the side this time, capturing the way Shane's hands disappear into the sleeves when he grips the spoon.

Click.

"Are you burning it?" Ilya asks mildly.

He just wants to reach out and fuck Shane on the kitchen side.

“No,” Shane says automatically, head snapping towards Ilya, “I’m— adjusting heat.”

Click.

The jumper rides up slightly as Shane leans forward to peer into the pan. A sliver of red skin appears at his lower back. Ilya’s thumb hovers, then betrays him.

Click.

Shane finally clocks the sound.

He stills.

Slowly, he turns his head back towards Ilya. “Are you—”

Click.

“Ilya.”

“I am documenting,” Ilya says solemnly.

Shane narrows his eyes. “You’re taking photos of me cooking.”

“Yes.”

“In your jumper.”

“Yes.”

“Just in your jumper.”

“Yes is it not obvious, tis nice view.”

Shane looks down at himself, then back at Ilya. “You’re doing this on purpose.”

Ilya considers that. Shrugs. “Maybe a little.”

Shane exhales through his nose, turning back to the stove. “You’re impossible.”

Click.

Shane points the spoon at him without looking. “I can hear that.”

“You look very domestic,” Ilya says, moving closer. “Like you belong in magazine.”

Shane snorts. “A very tired magazine.”

Ilya circles him slowly, shameless now, snapping photos from every angle, reaching forward to lift the jersey up to get a better view. Shane tasting the sauce and making a face.

Click.

Shane leaning a hip against the counter, pulling the jersey up just enough.

Click.

Shane pushing the sleeves up only for them to fall back down again.

“Stop it,” Shane demands, but he’s still smiling.

“Never,” Ilya replies. “You wear my clothes. This is consequence.”

Shane glances over his shoulder. “You gave me the jumper.”

“Yes,” Ilya says. “I did not expect this level of damage.”

Click.

Shane rolls his eyes, but his ears are pink now. Yes now. After Ilya has been getting handsy for the last twenty minutes. He focuses very hard on chopping vegetables, jaw set, clearly pretending not to enjoy the attention.

It does not work.

Ilya steps in close behind him, chest warm at Shane’s back, phone lowered for once. He tugs gently at the hem of the jumper, straightening it like he did the jersey earlier.

“It fits you,” Ilya says quietly.

“It’s three sizes too big,” Shane replies.

“Emotionally,” Ilya clarifies.

Shane huffs a laugh, leaning back just enough to bump Ilya with his shoulder. “You’re ridiculous.”

“And you are wearing my jumper with nothing else, while feeding us,” Ilya says. “This is dream.”

He lifts the phone again.

Click.

Shane spins, spoon still in hand. “Okay, that’s it.”

He reaches for Ilya’s phone. Ilya dodges easily, laughing, backing away until he hits the counter. Shane steps into the space without breaking eye contact, jumper sleeves swinging, expression determined.

“Delete them,” Shane demands.

Ilya lifts the phone above his head. “No.”

“Ilya.”

“I will maybe curate.”

Shane makes a grab for it; Ilya twists away, both of them laughing now, bumping hips, nearly knocking over a chair. Shane finally corners him between the counter and the fridge, one hand braced beside Ilya’s shoulder.

“You are abusing your privileges,” Shane says.

Ilya tilts his head, smiling up at him. “You look very good when you threaten me in my clothes and no underwear.”

Shane’s mouth quirks despite himself. “You’re never letting me forget this, are you?”

“No,” Ilya says gently. “I am saving these forever. Might even set this one as my lock screen.” He flashes the fresh photo of him reaching forward, the jersey hem flashing just enough.

Shane exhales, then gives up, resting his forehead briefly against Ilya’s. “Fine. But if you post any of them—”

“I would never,” Ilya says, offended. “These are for me. And my spank bank”

That makes Shane pause.

Ilya nods, finally serious now. “Yes. Okay! I promise I won’t show anyone!”

Shane studies his face for a moment, then relaxes into the space between them, hands settling at Ilya’s waist. The jumper bunches under his fingers, unmistakably familiar.

“Okay,” Shane says. “But dinner’s going to burn.”

Ilya glances past him at the stove, then back at Shane. He lifts the phone one last time.

Click.

Shane groans. “Unbelievable.”

Ilya grins and finally slips the phone into his pocket, arms coming around Shane properly now, jumper and all.

“Come,” he says. “I help.”

Shane leans into him, smiling, stirring forgotten for just a second longer.

And Ilya thinks — not for the first time — that some things are too good not to document.

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